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MONDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

- October 12.
1857—Great financial distress throughout the country—Banks in New York city and Boston suspended.
1861—John M. Mason, of Virginia, and John S. Allen, of Louisiana, Confederate envoys to Great Britain and France, run the blockade in Charleston harbor.
1862—Confederates under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart retreated through Maryland to Virginia.
1864—Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Roger B. Taney died at Washington.
1865—President proclaimed martial law at an end in Kentucky.
1790—Gen. Robert E. Lee born 1807, died at Lexington, Ky.
1871—Proclamation of President Grant, Ku-Klux in South Carolina.
1881—Disastrous gale on the Gulf of Mexico.
1892—"Columbus Day," 400th anniversary of landing of Columbus celebrated in many cities.

The Light Breaks.

The Prospects for a Good District Government Brightening.

The Times feels justified in announcing the dawn of day in District affairs. For a time, after our work in the interest of the taxpayers began, the night grew darker at every step. No financial branch of the District government was found to be properly protected. No efficient business methods could be discovered. A leading official was found boomerang in his private speculations in public reports. The Hospital, the Asylum, and the Work House proved to be woefully mismanaged. There was "grafting" everywhere on the part of contractors. Helpless children in the Industrial Home could be twice poisoned by the wholesale and no official lifted up a hand, except to keep information from the public. There has been no punishment for obtaining school funds by false requisitions and vouchers and misapplying the same. The inscriptions on the District seal were replaced by the new legend, "Not for Publication."

All this time official sirens were singing songs as sweet and soothing as the lullabies of the angels about heavenly government having descended upon the District. And official orations, on all possible occasions, iterated and reiterated the story of the beauties and blessings of the "well-governed District." Magazines and reviews joined the crooning choir. Under these soporific influences the unsuspecting District went fast asleep, and dreamed bright dreams of human perfection and perfect government.

It was a sad awakening when Watson was exposed. The opalescent colors faded from the District sky. Idols and ideals tumbled together in the gathering gloom, but there has been courageous and efficient rescue work by a new hand, and such reforms devised and insisted upon as were necessary to transform a skillfully concealed burlesque into a well-ordered government.

The Times thinks it sees light ahead, and hails its dawning as a promise that the night of the District is far spent.

Basketball.

The Teacher of Physical Culture at Wellesley Condemns It.

A sensation in college circles has been created by the declaration of Miss Lucille Hill, director of physical culture in Wellesley College, that basketball as played at present is injurious to girls. Miss Hill does not condemn the game when played in moderation, but she does emphatically assert that the formation of teams which go about the country playing match games, the nervous excitement and severe practice made necessary by the match games, are bad for girls, and do more harm than the exercise does good. With this view many thoughtful fathers and mothers will heartily agree.

The introduction of athletics in girls' colleges was opposed by most people at the beginning, but there seems no reason to doubt that it has been in the main beneficial. There is no reason why a healthy girl should not run, jump, row, climb, or play any game that takes her fancy, so long as she herself is conscious of

no evil effects. The trouble with the match game is that the element of competition introduced and the spirit of pride which spurs a girl on to do her utmost, whether she is equal to it or not, lead to overexertion. Anybody who has much to do with girls knows that when their ambition is aroused they will work far beyond their strength, sustained by nervous energy which is taken directly from their vital force. The overworked housekeeper, the overworked teacher, the overworked athlete, are, in the majority of cases, suffering from precisely this experience. The boy who allows his health to be ruined by "working on his nerves" is the exception. The girl who will risk this is the rule. That is the difference between the two, and that is why girls should be encouraged to normal, wholesome, healthy, happy life, and not to extraordinary feats which require them to work beyond their strength.

The District Committee.

Mr. Cannon Should Select New Members From Nearby States.

While considering the matter of committee appointments for the incoming House of Representatives, prospective Speaker Cannon has doubtless given at least passing thought to the membership of the Committee of the District of Columbia.

Of the seventeen members of that committee in the last session of the Fifty-seventh Congress, twelve will be members of the Fifty-eighth Congress, and in commendation of their efforts in behalf of the District of Columbia it may be said that the people of Washington would doubtless be glad to know that Mr. Cannon intends to reappoint each one of them to a place on the committee in the incoming Congress. Unquestionably Mr. Babcock will again be placed at the head of the committee where he has served faithfully and well for the past eight years. He understands the wants of the District and its people, and the latter are satisfied that his best efforts will be continued in behalf of the city's welfare. Of course in the matter of appropriating money for the District's needs Mr. Babcock's committee will have nothing to do, but there are matters of legislation which it will be the duty of the committee to consider, and these may safely be entrusted to such a committee as had charge of District measures in the last Congress.

The District lost a good friend in the defeat of Representative Merer and another in the retirement of Representative Norton, both of whom were keenly alive to the interests of the municipality of Washington. There are others, however, who are capable of filling their places, and we have confidence in Mr. Cannon's discretion in selecting them. If it be not important to make a suggestion to the new Speaker, we would advise that of the new members to be added to the committee one or two at least be chosen from districts not far from Washington. They seem to be closer to the people and more in sympathy with our purposes than those coming from a great distance, many of whom have little interest in the District of Columbia and its local government. Two members of the last committee, Mr. Mudd and Mr. Pearce, Republicans, are from the neighboring State of Maryland, and if it is found advisable to add another Democrat to the committee, we hope Mr. Cannon will see fit to name a Representative from across the river in Virginia, which, like Maryland, has a kindly interest in the District and its affairs. The late Representative Otey, of Virginia, served most creditably as a member of the District Committee, and we believe Mr. Cannon can find another Virginian who will be as acceptable and as faithful in behalf of the District of Columbia as was Mr. Otey.

Washington Restaurants.

Criticism Offered From a New York Point of View.

"The city of Washington has scarcely a single good popular-price restaurant. Washingtonians, as a rule, breakfast and dine at home; and as no restaurant can pay expenses on lunch counters alone, few are in existence."

This statement is made by a writer in "Harper's Weekly," and is likely to set Washington people thinking and arguing on the matter. Of course, the restaurant keeper is not a public philanthropist, though if his restaurant is good he may almost be called a public benefactor. He can furnish only what the public is willing to buy; and if there is not enough public to make it profitable for him to serve dinners de luxe, he cannot do it. While Washington is not, of course, equal to some larger cities in the va-

The People's Forum.

An Act of Discourtesy.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:
It seems to me that our local authorities might have shown a greater degree of courtesy to the visiting artillerymen from London and Boston than they did in permitting a ministerial hand to bring up the rear of the procession as it marched up Pennsylvania Avenue from the railroad station to the Arlington Hotel. Is it not necessary for marching bands to obtain a permit to parade through the streets for advertising purposes? If so, why should this theatrical company be allowed to follow immediately behind the artillerymen so as to give the appearance of forming a part of the escort?

I notice that it invariably happens whenever there is a pageant of this sort some ingenious advertiser always troops along behind and belittles the entire spectacle. Perhaps the London Artillery and the Boston Artillery did not take offense at this discourtesy, but nevertheless it should never have been permitted.
L. H. C.
Washington, October 11.

A Householder's Dilemma.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:
When the man who moves one's furniture is so careless as to break the glass in bookcases, wrench the joints of chairs, and gouge places out of the top of one's pet weather oak library table, is there any way by which he can be made to pay for it? All the satisfaction which one expressesman gave to the perturbed owner of the furniture was a smile and the comment that a careless householder was to be expected with such business.
A MECK HOUSEHOLDER.
Washington, October 10.

Architectural Drawing.

To the Editor of The Washington Times:
Would you please state in your paper if there is in this city a school for night students in architectural drawing.
RUDOLPH PLIEGE.
Washington, Oct. 12.

Architectural drawing may be studied at night at the Y. M. C. A.

Senator Vest as a Soldier.

Senator George G. Vest of Missouri is getting old and feeble, but has lost none of the cheerfulness and appreciation of a humorous situation. A short time before the adjournment of Congress he came to the Senate chamber feebly, he leaned on his man-servant's arm. But he was in good spirits and there was soon gathered about him a little group of statesmen.

Senator Vest began to evoke memories of his boyhood.
"Once," he said, "a crowd of us—a crowd of us—played soldiers. There were two camps. Each camp had a fort with a high mud wall, and when you put your head up above this wall—bang!—a volley of stones came at you."
"We had strict military rules, and to disobey the captain's orders was a crime no one would have been guilty of. Therefore, when I was told to go outside the fort and pick off the enemy from our camp to the pump close by the enemy's lines I did so, though I was badly frightened. Stones fell all about me, and though I paced my way to the pump correctly, I quite forgot to count my steps. So when, on my return, the captain asked me what the distance was, I was embarrassed. But in a moment I had a happy thought."

"How far, captain, would you say it was?"
"Oh, about seventy-five paces," the captain answered.
"That is exactly right," said I. "It is seventy-five paces exactly."
—Chicago Chronicle.

A True Kentuckian.

"No word of mine is needed for this eulogy," said the minister, with feeling. "Your saddened looks, as you come to bury him, bear witness that he was a true Kentuckian. The wife of the widow and the orphan proclaim that he was a good husband and a good father. And the manner of his death—he died a natural death—leaves no doubt that he was a good shot."
"Let it be recorded of him, then, in imperishable stone, that he was a true Kentuckian."
—Detroit Free Press.

In a Lighter Vein.

A Bas Love, Vive Graft.

"Love rules the world," the poet sings. But if the soulful bard could know about the graft he would quit. As things are now run here below.
—New York Herald.

Exceedingly Easy.

"Out of your pen again, I see," snorted the sheep dog, meeting the pig in the orchard.
"Oh, yes," replied the pig. "I can get out of that pen with the greatest facility."
"Indeed! That must be one of those 'facile' pens" we read about."
—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Dry Measure.

Most pecks are short, but all agree there's one that seems doubly double. The measure that is ought to be, and that's a peck of trouble.
—Philadelphia Press.

An Extreme Case.

Miss Angles—This new gown of mine doesn't give me the graceful figure the tailor claimed it would. I'll have to have it altered.
Miss Plumpleigh—Why don't you take it to Padden & Co.?
Miss Angles—Are they your tailors?
Miss Plumpleigh—Oh, no; they're upholsterers.
—Philadelphia Press.

Send the Poet Instead.

A maiden caught stealing a dahlia said: "Oh, you shall tell me, shalla!" But the florist was not, and he said: "Like as not, they'll send you to the penitentiary!"
—Baltimore American.

In the Deep.

Mr. Perch—You say Mr. and Mrs. Swardfish have domestic troubles?
Mr. Pompano—Yes; they're always dueling about something.
—Chicago Journal.

Easily Answered.

Smartie—You see me over the professor. I'll make him own up there's one thing, at least, he doesn't know.
Smartie (to professor)—Will you please tell me, Mr. Wyse, who was Cain's wife?
Professor Cain's wife, Mr. Smartie, was Adam's daughter-in-law.
—Boston Transcript.

Impossible.

She—Some day we will have a woman President.
He—No, indeed, for where will you find a woman to confess that she's over thirty-five years of age?
—Boston Globe.

Acceptable in Newport.

A husband whose name was Umphalia tried to play Harry Lehr in Australia. He went to a ball.
But was freed from the ball because of his scanty regalia.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

The Marquis de Ruivigny, who has just published in London a volume containing the names of no less than 12,000 persons now living many hundreds of them Americans, who are descended from King Edward IV and King Henry VII of England, and from King James III of Scotland, the names being arranged, not alphabetically, but as they would stand in the order of succession to the British throne were it not for the Act of Settlement, is the author of the so-called "Legitimist Calendar," a member of the Jacobite League in England and, in spite of his French title, an Englishman.

The mystery which has existed for a number of years with regard to his identity and the origin of his foreign title was dispelled about two years ago in a rather cruel fashion when he was subjected in a court of law to a rather searching cross-examination, as one of the directors of the unfortunate South Coast and Continental Service Company, the affairs of which were in such a shape as to necessitate the attention of the authorities.

Inquiries from the presiding judge brought to light the fact that the Marquis de Ruivigny's real name was Heddle, that he was an English subject, as his father and grandfather had been before him, and that he had assumed the style of Marquis de Ruivigny and of Raineval on the strength of an alleged descent from a French Viscount de Ruivigny, who lived in 1588, and from a French Marquis de Raineval who died in 1624. The Marquis was good enough to add that he was of Huguenot ancestry, although the name of Heddle is distinctly English.

No Right to Title.

Now an English subject cannot bear a foreign title without an official patent of consent from the crown, and, inasmuch as the Marquis de Ruivigny has not received any such permission it is impossible to describe him as anything else than as "sol distant," and his title as a piece of unwarrantable assumption.

According to the evidence which he gave in the King's bench division of the London High Court of Justice, before Justice Grantham, in the case of Henderson vs. Bateman, Ruivigny and others, he had been living until then with his wife and child at a boarding house at Putney, from which he has now migrated to a cottage in the equally respectable suburb of Chertsey, from which it would appear that the sale of his "Legitimist Calendar" is quite as unprofitable to the self-styled marquis as is his presidency of the Jacobite League.

Yet the "Legitimist Calendar" received a tremendous advertisement last year through the extraordinary steps taken by the trustees of the British Museum in withdrawing from its museum library and in banning from England's great national collection of books this work of the sol distant marquis, a measure officially announced, which suggested an elephant endeavoring to crush life out of a fly with its huge foot.

The "Legitimist Calendar."

The "Legitimist Calendar" is a publication which, ignoring all the effects of revolutions, usurpations, and military conquests throughout Christendom, ascribes the various thrones to the princes and princesses to whom they ought to belong if legitimist principles alone governed the succession to royal crowns. Thus Victor Emmanuel figures in the volume as King of Sardinia and as Duke of Savoy, but not as sovereign of United Italy. Kaiser Wilhelm is put down simply as King of Prussia and Elector of Brandenburg. The Count of Caserta, who makes his home at Cannes, is described as King of Naples. The ex-Crown Prince of Brazil is set down as Emperor of the country.

The United States is, of course, non-existent, except in the form of French, English and Spanish colonies. No mention is made of the Duke of Orleans nor of Prince Victor Napoleon, the crown of France, like that of Spain, being accorded to Don Carlos, brother of the Queen Regent of Great Britain and Ireland, as described as "King Charles XI of France," and "King Charles VII of Spain"; the throne of Portugal to Don Miguel of Braganza, now an exile in Austria, while King Edward is ignored altogether, Princess Louise of Bavaria, niece and heiress of the last Duke of Modena being styled as the lawful Queen Regent of Great Britain and Ireland, as less remotely descended from the Stuarts than Edward VII.

Incidentally it may be stated that the White Rose, or Jacobite League, exists for the purpose of championing the cause of Princess Louise of Bavaria, although she treats the association with ridicule and declines to give it any countenance or recognition.

A Curious Work.

What renders the "Legitimist Calendar" more curious still is its British pedigree, in which all creations since the revolution of 1688, which drove the Stuarts into exile are contemptuously ignored. It serves to show how very inferior is the position of the vast majority of the English people, the list in the "Calendar" comprising considerably less than a hundred names, although there are now some 600 members of the house of lords besides about another 400 Scotch and Irish peers.

Possibly the new book of the Marquis de Ruivigny, entitled "Of Royal Descent," and giving the names of those 12,000 persons who have King Edward IV and King Henry VII of England and King James III of Scotland among their ancestors, will prove a more successful venture from a financial point of view than the "Legitimist Calendar." At any rate, it should have a side among those enumerated therein, who cannot but be flattered by the knowledge that they would be the ten-thousandth or so in the line of succession to the crown of Great Britain were it not for the Act of Settlement of the year 1701, which vested the throne in the Protestant House of Hanover, barring from it for all time the Catholic family of Stuart.

Trade and Blue Blood.

Prince Hugo Hohenlohe, who spent a year as clerk of one of the principal houses in Wall Street, New York, without pay, for the sake of learning American business methods, which he is now endeavoring to apply to the mining syndicate enterprise which he has organized in Germany, is not the only member of this illustrious house who has abandoned the old-fashioned idea that trade is incompatible with blue blood. For one of Prince Hugo's elder brothers, Frederick Charles by name, who was formerly secretary of the German embassy in London, has just become prominent as the chief promoter and active head of an under-

Political Gossip Here and There

The Indianapolis Election.

Indianapolis will hold its municipal election tomorrow. The campaign has been one of the bitterest fought in the Hoosier metropolis in many years. The contest began as long ago as last March, when Mayor Bookwalter, who is a candidate for re-election, fearing that forces were at work within the Republican party to prevent his renomination, called a "snap" convention and pulled the wires so that he was again placed at the head of the ticket. All summer the contest has waged with greater or less fury.

Partners of Princes.

Associated with Prince Hohenlohe are some of the leading German physicians, while his brother, Hugo, has likewise a share in the scheme, having in view more particularly the development of the mineral wealth of the island, which is considerable. A large capital has been subscribed, and in addition to the two Princes of Hohenlohe many other prominent people are interested in the affair.

Prince Frederick of Hohenlohe is married to a daughter of the late Count Paul Hatzfeldt, who died as German ambassador in London, and her mother, who survives, is an American woman, daughter of Colonel Moulton, of Albany, and granddaughter of that famous old French dancing master, Metz, who in the early part of the nineteenth century was the rage and fashion in New York, and who taught the great ladies of Gotham of three score years ago to trip the light fantastic toe. The two Princes of Hohenlohe in question, namely, Frederick and Hugo, are younger brothers of the Duke of Ujest, president of the Union Club of Berlin, of the Automobile Association, and one of the highest dignitaries of the Kaiser's court. As the Duke is unmarried, his brother Frederick will inherit his honors and estates at his death.

From the Rome Republican.

Horatius Haecher, our esteemed constable, fell off the bridge last evening while crossing the Tiber. Horatius is hitting the grape pretty freely of late.

The Ladies' Aid Society met last night at the home of Mrs. Hermineus Flaccus. The charming hostess arranged with Nero for the use of two human torches, which added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Cicero returned last evening from the seashore, where they have been spending the summer. Ye editor acknowledges a call.

The grand jury has indicted Alderman Catiline, of the Fourth ward, on a charge of bottling. He is alleged to have demanded 500 sesterces from J. Cassius Doogan, known as "Wine-room Cass."

The following new books have been received at the library: "Odys and Epics," by Nero; "Last Days of Carthage," by Agrippinus; "Roast Christians, and Other Poems," by Nero; "Harmony and Discord," by Nero; "Benzina," a poem, by Nero.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Raising the Wind.

There are ways and ways of raising the wind for construction purposes. There are Blank and his wife, who have built five dwellings in less than as many years, and lived a little while in each and moved into the next before its completion. Some building and loan association assists them slightly, but there is another and a unique source of capital. Every one in a while either husband or wife manages to fall off a street car and sustain injuries that require a suit for damages. Said suit is usually compromised for \$500 or \$1,000, which sum goes into the next new house. If this is not enterprise, I'd like to know where you are going to find that very useful article. The neighbors declare it is Mrs. Blank's turn next.—New York Press.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A call to arms: "John, take the baby!"

One week in the country should make one strong in the city.

People who pour water into a sieve cannot be straining for effect.

Every time a girl gets a small dent in her heart she imagines it is broken.

It's a wise girl who doesn't begin eating onions until after she lands a husband.

All men are architects of their own fortunes, but few ever get sufficient money to build.

The life of the book agent is full of wormwood and gall; but the wormwood is scarcely perceptible.

Although nature makes no mistakes, she might have improved on her work a little by hitting the luminous end of the firefly to the business end of the mosquito.—Chicago News.

Paradoxical.

He boasted that he bathed each day. Throughout the year, in haughty way; He'd never tasted rum, he said, or how long ere this he had been dead. Then, he retired at nine each night And rose as soon as it was light. His "glorious life," with noisome din, Good gracious, how he rubbed it in! While mothers to their sons with vim Said, "Try your best to be like him!" The problem, though, is rather stiff. At thirty-two he went off, biff!

The other was a rouser, who High-balled until the roosters crew And snatched an hour's repose, and then Commenced to lollypop again. He played the races, handled chips, With naughty words upon his lips, And with a war whoop oft did say That this existence was O. K. So self-respecters, with a stare And virtuous noses in the air, Out him, disgusted by such tricks. But still he lived till eighty-six.
—New York Herald.

He Knew His Business.

"Behold!" whispered the spiritualistic medium, "it is the spirit of your dead wife." The man sat still and said nothing. "Don't you understand?" whispered the medium again; "it is your dead wife. Why don't you speak to her?" "Oh, she'll do the speaking!" if it's her. She always told me I must never speak till I was spoken to."
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To advertise your confidence to the world, give it to a woman.

The same man can bounce the same crowd over and over again, but it must be with a different game.

A man has very different ideas on bad luck the day a girl refuses to marry him and two years after.

When you tell a woman a joke the way to make her understand it is funny is to laugh when you are telling it.

It's curious how much more indignant men get over being made fools of by others than making fools of themselves.

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